

## The Evening World.

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## AN ATMOSPHERE OF PEACE.

THOSE who expected that the meeting of Congress would lead to fire eating and arm brandishing will be disagreeably disappointed.

Yet there can be no doubt that the spirit in which the nation's representatives approach problems raised by the war in Europe represents a very considerable preponderance of national sentiment.

Nor should this attitude be mistaken for one of cowardice or fear of consequences. Rather is it to be traced to a deeply imbued instinct for peace—an instinct of which no American need be or is ashamed.

It may well be a fortunate thing for the world that the law-making bodies of the greatest republic hold firm and steadfast against the madness that has seized upon nations. The dove must have home ground somewhere unless it is to fly no more over this earth.

The manifest abhorrence of Congress, and of the majority of the 100,000,000 people for whom Congress legislates, for war and all that goes with war should have a far-reaching effect sooner or later upon raging powers anxious to find sanction for the hideous slaughter and destruction at which they begin themselves to be aghast.

No such sanction should ever come from this nation. Neither approval nor imitation should even hint it.

We are not afraid. We are not unwilling to spend money. But—let us not hesitate to say it—we are anti-war, anti-murder, anti-militaristic, anti all things that make against civilization.

## CLEANING UP.

IN DEMANDING the immediate resignation of State Superintendent of Prisons John B. Riley, Gov. Whitman has taken the longest step yet toward straightening out the Sing Sing muddle.

The act for which Riley is blamed—the transfer of sixty-six prisoners from Sing Sing to Dannemora over the head of Dr. Kirchwey, who replaced Thomas Mott Osborne in the Wardenship of Sing Sing after the latter had been indicted—was obviously a move to break up the Mutual Welfare League of the prison and so destroy as rapidly as possible the effects of the Osborne regime.

The public has had little doubt as to how matters stood. Riley scarcely took the trouble to conceal his efforts to hound Osborne out of Sing Sing. Once the reform Warden had been ousted it was to be expected no time would be lost in trying to reconvert Sing Sing into the political pocket it used to be. The appointment of Dr. Kirchwey balked the scheme.

Now that Riley has brought about his own downfall, Gov. Whitman has a chance to put the supervision of State prisons on a new basis of openness and efficiency. Persecution of Mr. Osborne will lose most of its vindictiveness. He stands a better chance of getting the fair trial he deserves.

So far as the State prison system is concerned the Sing Sing row may not be a waste. But how much longer must the State be sullied with the foul, old dungeon whose cramped and reeking walls have for years bred scandal and filth?

## AUTO DRIVERS' LICENSES.

The Evening World has received the following:

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Why doesn't somebody advocate laws as to the qualifications of chauffeurs?

I have suffered two accidents from incompetent chauffeurs, both of whom held licenses. I think that there should be laws enacted that would prevent incompetent persons from obtaining licenses. They should be examined as to their ability to drive an auto and also as to good judgment.

My first accident was caused by a woman chauffeur who got nervous. After knocking me down she started her car ahead and ran over me.

The second accident was by a young fellow, seventeen or eighteen years of age, driving a butler's auto. He declared he would never drive another. He lost his head, knocked me down and thought he had killed me. I am still living, but I don't want to have any more of these accidents.

I hope The Evening World will advocate stringent regulations as to what persons should be allowed to have licenses.

JOSHUA WHITE.

The Evening World was first and foremost in pointing out that the way to check automobile slaughter is to begin at the license end. We urged it early and often.

Last month we got results. Police Commissioner Woods, Chief City Magistrate McAdoo and Secretary of State Hugo announced that they would prepare a bill for the stricter regulation of auto drivers, providing, among other things, that "every chauffeur, whether owner, employer or member of an owner's family, must be licensed by the Secretary of State after an examination as to his ability and good character." Licenses when abused to be revoked.

When this becomes law, Mr. White and millions of others may walk abroad with less risk—if they are nimble in the meantime.

## Dollars and Sense

By H. J. Barrett

YES, Judson is a good man, admitted the young proprietor of a jobbing house, "and he had more original ideas than any man I've ever employed. But I'm letting him go. He has received an offer at a higher salary and I'm paying him all I can afford to. A man like him is a man more useful to study the methods of a man whom I shall always consider the ablest business man of my acquaintance." "At the time I knew Melton he was between thirty-five and forty years of age, married, and held the position of operating manager of a chain of five fairly stable department stores. Two were the largest stores in cities of over a half million population. Melton had worked his way up from a job behind the counter. He never gave a man more than a fair wage, and he was a man who concentrated upon one object—the complete mastery of his business. He never indulged in recreation of any sort; never unbuttoned; never allowed himself a hobby; every hour not spent in eating or sleeping was devoted to business. "On trains, street cars and in his home Melton was always studying business or trade magazines, reading books dealing with various aspects of his business or volumes concerning the manufacture and marketing of the vast range of merchandise which he handled. "As Melton read he clipped, and as he clipped he filed. Every few evenings he would then review his files with the idea of refreshing his memory. The result of all this was that he was able to apply the application of a new idea to department store operation anywhere in the world Melton heard of it, and if practicable, promptly installed the new method in his chain of stores. Isn't it obvious that this type of man is more valuable to his employer than the original mind which evolves a good new idea perhaps once a month?"

## Armed to the Teeth!

By J. H. Cassel



## The Office Force

By Bide Dudley.

"SEE," said Popple, the shipping clerk, as he turned from his newspaper, "that Henry Ford isn't going to let the women pacifists wear their fine gowns at The Hague Conference. Why does he discriminate against these from the Pacific Coast?"

Miss Prim, private secretary to the boss, laughed. "Goodness me!" she said. "You're terribly ignorant of the language we speak, Mr. Popple. That word, 'pacifist,' doesn't mean they come from the Pacific Coast. It designates all the peace delegates. It's from the word 'pacific' which, in this case, means to settle it."

"That settles it," said Popple. "If egg shells settle it, then we ought to call Mr. Ford 'Henrietta,' eh, wot?" came from the blonde stenographer.

"But he hasn't settled it," said Popple. "Well, he's hardly gone to bat yet," said the blonde.

"He hasn't," sang out Bobbie. "Shucks, he's made a home run already!"

"I want to say to you people," said Miss Prim testily, "that if you don't quit your silly attempts at humor I shall speak to Mr. Snooks. I'm very fond of a good joke like—"

"Like Snooks," suggested Bobbie. The bookkeeper, Miss Prim's favorite, frowned. "You're going too far, my little friend," he said. "Kindly refrain from making me the butt of your jokes. Now let's change the subject."

"All right," said the blonde, "let's make a ten-dollar bill the subject."

"Why?" asked Popple.

"Then we can send Bobbie out to change it."

"Go to it, Lady Peroxide!" shouted the boy.

The blonde turned on him frowning.

## Dust of Paradise.

By Cora M. W. Greenleaf.

HOPE throws so much dust in my eyes. It need not give you much surprise. To learn I'm anything but wise. She throws her dust so fast and free it blinds me so I cannot see. When grim Disaster threatens me. Meantime she sings so loud and clear it's just impossible to hear. Her sweetest unceasing roundelay. Just keeps me happy day by day; I don't know any other way. But if by being deaf and blind I'm leaving aught of worth behind, You're welcome, friends, to all you find. That has escaped my dazzled eyes. Blinded with dust from Paradise! And—what's the use of being wise?

## The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

"SAY, lady, don't ain't no good on this line," said the street car conductor, regarding the transfers that Mrs. Jarr tendered. "I can't take 'em!"

"I'm not concerned whether you take 'em or not," said Mrs. Jarr, with that air of aloof courtesy that marked her intercourse with the tolling masses; and she passed on into the street car, bearing with her Master Willie Jarr, who had just reached that militant age which desires to show its parents its physical prowess.

But the conductor had long ago given up the fight. His cross-town line was patronized mainly by aggressive women on bargains bent. Besides, the conductor was a married man and all fight was taken out of him before he left home. He followed Mrs. Jarr and her hero boy into the car, and asked in a tone of pleading grief, "Didn't you see read on the transfer day ain't no good on this line? You will have to come across wid de fares, lady."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," said Mrs. Jarr firmly. "If the transfers are not good on this line they should be. Besides, I have no change."

A dapper-looking man, sitting near, extended a gloved hand holding a dime toward the conductor. "If the lady will permit me," said the dapper individual, "I will pay her fare and that of the little boy."

Mrs. Jarr gave the dapper man a glance of cold hauteur, and then turned from him. The dapper man put his dime in his pocket and retreated behind his newspaper, feeling overcome with odd.

Mrs. Jarr opened her handbag and, displacing strata of keys, toilet articles, miniature handkerchiefs, cloth samples, newspaper clippings, etc., fished out ten pennies.

Among the strange and varied collection of objects in my lady's handbag was one of those lead pencils the female sex is never without. These pencils are of about the thickness of a straw, with a little metal cap and ring at one end, to which a daisy little tassel has at some time been tied.

Mrs. Jarr regarded the pencil intently. She seemed surprised (heaven only knows why) that it had no point.

"If this pencil was sharpened, I'd take down your number and report you," said Mrs. Jarr, to the now utterly subdued conductor.

"What for?" asked the conductor plaintively. "When a guy is a gentleman, and a guy is acting like a gentleman, is a guy to be given ten pence in coppers, when he already has three hundred of 'em, and de company don't allow him to turn de in, and then a guy is to be knocked to de company and lose his job, just when a guy has been laid off for a Christmas gift for ten days, when he got complained on by odder ladies!"

Then a bright idea occurred to him. He advanced once more upon the foe's intrenchment and launched a poison gas attack.

"Say, lady," he asked, "three of these pennies is bad," and he presented three dubious looking coppers from a supply he kept in his hip pocket, obtained from friends in the slot machine business.

Mrs. Jarr determined to invoke the aid of the allies. She fished out the imitation lead pencil and turned to the dapper man still lurking behind his newspaper. "I beg your pardon," said Mrs. Jarr sweetly, "have you a penknife to sharpen a lead pencil? I wish to take this impertinent fellow's number."

But the conductor fled to the rear platform utterly disorganized, and for six blocks he would not stop the car for anybody.

## Pop's Mutual Motor

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"IT'S all right to follow the beaten paths of economy," persisted Ma. "The extraordinary thing is to be economical in unheard of ways. Save money on things that other people never think of."

"For instance?" questioned Pop.

"Well," declared Ma, watching to see the effect. "I've decided that I'm going to make the new slip covers for the car instead of having them made at a supply place."

"You!" Pop gasped. "Great Gunk! You can't make slip covers. They're awfully hard to make."

"I have yet to see the garment for man, beast or motor that I cannot make," declared Ma loftily.

"What color do you fancy for them?"

"As near dirt color as you can get," Pop replied instantly. "Everything about an automobile ought to be as near dirt color as possible."

"Haven't you any individuality, Milton Matt?" scorned Ma. "Haven't you ever had the desire to cover the seats of your car so that when you pass people will say: 'There goes Matt and his family. I know his slip cover!'"

"I have not," A light slowly dawned on Pop's hazy understanding. "Say, what are you driving at?" he inquired. "I'll bet you've gone and bought the material and want to get me to commit myself before you show it to me. Am I right?"

Ma hung her head. Then she smiled and left the room. A minute after she came back, bearing a huge bolt of heavy material in her arms. Slowly, she disclosed to Pop's curious eyes a cloth of vivid green.

## The Stories Of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces

By Albert Payson Terhune

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No. 93.—HECTOR. By H. C. Bunner.

THEY lived in an old-fashioned house in an old-fashioned New York street—the two old-maid sisters, with one elderly woman who served them as general servant.

One day a tramp came, begging, to the door. When the servant slammed the door shut in his face he swore. This was not much of an adventure, perhaps. But it was the most exciting thing that had happened at that house in many years. It shook the old ladies' nerves. It made them feel helplessly lonely and unprotected.

They decided to buy a dog to guard their man-less home. A relative suggested a St. Bernard and volunteered to get one for them. Soon afterward he told them he had bought a splendid St. Bernard puppy and had ordered it shipped to them.

The two old ladies were delighted. They were afraid of dogs and had had no experience with them. But a furry baby puppy was different. No one could possibly be afraid of that.

The next day the puppy arrived. It was as big as a calf and as playful as a kitten. It almost upset both its new owners by hurling itself rapturously (and bodily) at them. While this long-legged, excitable young giant was far different from the downy little puppy they had imagined, the old ladies soon became tremendously fond of it. The puppy grew to be the idol of the household.

The sisters argued and planned for a long time before they could decide on a name for their pet. The cunning little names they had thought out beforehand did not seem to fit this huge yellow brute. Something of heroic sound was needed. At last they decided to call it "Hector," in memory of the hero who had fought the Greeks and who had married the gentle Trojan damsel, Andromache.

And henceforth the puppy was known as Hector.

As the months went by, the sisters grew to love Hector more and more. The whole little family's life seemed to revolve about the dog. Then, one day, came tragedy.

The maid opened the front door in reply to a visitor's ring. And Hector bounded out and down the front steps into the street. Paying no heed to the servant's agonized appeal, the dog dashed away, and, a moment later, was out of sight.

Despair filled the house. Sisters and servant alike bewailed their loss. They searched, they made inquiries, they offered rewards; all in vain. Then a tradesman consented to look for Hector at the dog pound. He returned presently in triumph, dragging the missing dog on the end of a rope and demanding ten dollars for his services.

The money was gladly paid, and the three women were dizzy with delight over the restoration of their runaway pet. The most intricate precautions were taken to prevent Hector from running away again. And once more the household settled down to its old-time peaceful routine, with Hector as the centre of its universe.

But surprise was lurking in the background, waiting to upset the reunited family's composure.

One morning the sisters went to the back yard to call Hector to breakfast. The dog did not come at the summons. Apart from a friendly wagging of the tail, there was no response to their call. They went over to the big kennel to investigate.

Hector lay in the shadows at the back of the kennel, but would not rush forth as usual to greet them. One of the sisters knelt down in front of the kennel and reached in to try to haul the dog forth into the light.

Her groping hand closed on something small and warm and fuzzy. Her first thought was that a ferocious kitten had crawled into the kennel to attack Hector. Then, feeling around, she found there were several "kittens." She drew out one of them.

It was a puppy, blind, squirming, squealing, fat, yellow puppy.

After the first wordless shock, the two old ladies rose nobly to the occasion.

They adjusted themselves to new conditions by the simple act of changing their adored pet's name from "Hector" to "Andromache."

## The Woman Who Dared

By Dale Drummond

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CHAPTER XXXIX.

"I AM becoming quite the fashion," remarked Haskill. "Um!" he grunted.

"Really I am, Haskill. I wish you felt differently about my going into business," I continued.

Mrs. Larkin, who had been at the beginning shared my love for the little boy who held so close a place in my affections. She never came to see me. She had spoken very gently for him, and the tears came to my eyes.

We decided that Mrs. Clark should remain to look after the boy, and also to take the place of the housekeeper who had given notice. She would not remain if there was to be a child in the house.

"Jack reminds me so much of my mother," I said to Haskill. "He doesn't resemble her either in features or coloring."

"I do not see that he resembles anyone we know," I forgot the incident until later.

My business had outgrown the small quarters in which I started, so I was looking about for another place. Larkin gave me the benefit of his advice, and once Haskill objected to a shop I spoke of hiring on account of the location. "I was so pleased as a child that he took notice of me, even to object to something connected with my affairs, and immediately agreed with him."

Then too, strange as it may seem in view of the attitude Haskill had at first taken as regarded the boy, he was now a link between us.

Haskill looked at me but seldom, but I could see he was beginning to care for the child. Occasionally he would bring him some little toy, and once when I again came in unexpectedly I found him on all fours, the boy perched on his back and both laughing immoderately.

(To Be Continued.)

## The White Sales.

THE days for replenishing the linen closet and the lingerie wardrobe are now at hand and the "white sales" this year are more attractive than ever.

In undermuslin there seem to be larger quantities than usual, due to the fact that all types have returned to favor and there is a generally increasing demand for separate garments.

The long petticoats are fuller this season and one would scarcely expect to see a petticoat less than 2 1/2 yards in width, while many women are buying those 2 1/2 yards wide.

The princess slip which has been regarded as the shewiest for several years is again found upon the tables, and there is every indication that this garment will soon be restored to its former popularity.

In consequence, these types are not over-trimmed with cheap lace, as was formerly customary, but are finished with a narrow fine lace at neck and sleeves—a trimming most satisfactory.

The fuller proportions are not only apparent in petticoats, but the combinations are wide enough to take the place of the short petticoat. When the cut is not so full there is a ruffle at the edge from 2 to 5 inches wide. Many of the new corsets show the sleeve puff, which is an advantage for wear under the transparent evening gown. Some women prefer the ribbons over the shoulders, as these are readily untied and tucked out of sight when wearing a sleeveless evening dress.